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C H A R A C T E R  
O F  
H O L L A N D.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Rob. Horn*, at the South-Entrance of the  
*Royal Exchange.* 1 6 7 2.

THE  
CHARACTER  
OF  
HOLLAND.



Printed for Robt. F. Fox, at the South-Entrance of the  
British Museum, 1852.



## The Character of *Holland*.



*Holland*, that scarce deserves the  
 name of Land,  
 As but th' off-scouring of the  
*British* Sand;  
 And so much Earth as was  
 contributed  
 By *English* Pilots, when they  
 heav'd the Lead;  
 Or what by th' Oceans slow alluvion fell,  
 Of Shipwrack-Cockle and the Muscle-Shell;  
 This-indigested Vomit of the Sea,  
 Fell to the *Dutch* by just propriety.

Glad then, as Miners that have found the Ore,  
 They with mad labour fill'd the Land to shore;  
 And div'd as desperately for each piece  
 Of Earth, as if 't had been of *Ambergris*:

Collecting anxiously small Loads of Clay,  
 Less than what building Swallows bear away;  
 Or then those Pills which sordid Beetles roul,  
 Transfusing into them their Dunghil-Soul.

How did they rivet with Gigantick Piles  
 Thorow the Centre their new-catched Miles:  
 And to the Stake a struggling Country bound,  
 Where Barking Waves still bate the forced  
 Ground:  
 Building their Watry *Babel* far more high  
 To reach the Sea, than those to scale the Skie.

Yet still his claim the injur'd Ocean laid,  
 And oft at *Leap-Frog* o'er their Steeples plaid;  
 As if on purpose it on Land had come,  
 To shew them what's their *Mare Liberum*.  
 A daily Deluge over them does boil:  
 The Earth and Water play at *Levelcoyl*.  
 The Fish oft-times the Burger dispossess,  
 And sate not as a Meat, but as a Guest:  
 And oft the *Tritons* and the Sea-Nymphs saw  
 Whole Sholes of *Dutch* serv'd up for *Cabillau*.  
 Or as they over the new level rang'd,  
 For Pickled *Herring*, Pickled *Heeren* chang'd.  
 Nature, it seem'd, asham'd of her mistake,  
 Would throw their Land away at *Duck and Drake*.

Therefore necessity, that first made Kings,  
 Something like Government among them brings.  
 For as with *Pygmies*, who best kills the Crane;  
 Among the Hungry, he that treasures Grain;  
 Among

Among the Blind, the one-ey'd Blinkard reigns;  
 So rules among the Drowned, he that drains,  
 Not who first sees the Rising Sun commands,  
 But who could first discern the Rising Lands.  
 Who best could know to pump an Earth so leak,  
 Him they their Lord and Countries Father speak.  
 To make a Bank was a great Plot of State,  
 Invent a Shovle and be Magistrate.  
 Hence some small *Dyke-grave*, unperceiv'd, invades  
 The Power, and grows as 'twere a King of *Spades*:  
 But for less envy some joint States endures,  
 Who look like a Commission of the Sew'rs.  
 For these *Half-anders*, half wet and half dry,  
 Nor bear strict Service nor pure Liberty.

'Tis probable Religion after this,  
 Came next in order, which they could not miss:  
 How could the *Dutch* but be converted, when  
 Th' Apostles were so many Fisher-men?  
 Besides, the Waters of themselves did rise,  
 And as their Land, so them did Rebaptize.  
 Though *Herring* to be God few voices mist,  
 And *Poor-John* to have been th' Evangelist.

*Faith*, that could never Twins conceive before,  
 Never so fertile, spawn'd upon this Shore:  
 More pregnant than their *Marg'et* that laid  
 down  
 For *Hans-in-kelder* of a whole *Hans-town*.

Sure when Religion did it self Imbark,  
 And from the East would Westward steer its Ark;  
 It

It struck, and splitting on this unknown Ground,  
 Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found:  
 Hence *Amsterdam* Turk-Christian-Pagan-Jew,  
 Staple of Sects, and Mint of Schism grew:  
 That *Bank of Conscience*, where not one so strange  
 Opinion, but finds Credit and Exchange.  
 In vain for Catholicks our selves we bear,  
 The Universal Church is only there.

Nor can Civility there want for Tillage,  
 Where wisely for their Court they chose a Village:  
 How fit a Title clothes their Governours!  
 Themselves the *Hogs*, as all their Subjects *Bores*.

Let it suffice to give their Country fame,  
 That it had one *Civilis* call'd by *Name*,  
 Some fifteen hundred and more years ago,  
 But surely never any that *was* so.

See but their Meremaids with their tails of Fish,  
 Reeking at Church over the Chafing-Dish.  
 A Vestal-Turf enshrin'd in Earthen Ware,  
 Fumes through the loop-holes of a wooden Square,  
 Each to the Temple with these Altars tend,  
 (But still does place it at her Western end :)  
 While the fat steam of Female Sacrifice,  
 Fills the Priests Nostrials, and puts out his Eyes.

Or what a spectacle the Skipper gross,  
 A Water-Hercules, Butter-Colofs,  
 Tunn'd up with all their several Towns of Beer;  
 When stagg'ring upon some Land, *Snick and Sneer*,  
 They

They try, like Statuaries, if they can  
 Cut out each others *Athos* to a Man:  
 And carve in their large Bodies where they please,  
 The Arms of the United Provinces.

Vainly did this *Slap-Dragon* fury hope,  
 With sober *English* Valour ere to cope:  
 Not though they prime their barb'rous Mornings-  
 Draught  
 With Powder, and with Pipes of Brandy fraught:  
 Yet *Sandwich*, *Rupert*, and of all the *Duke*,  
 The *Duke* has made their Sea-sick Courage puke:  
 Like the three Comets, sent from Heaven down  
 With fiery Flails to swinge th' ingrateful Clown.

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They try, like Gamblers, if they can  
 Cut out each others throats to a Man;  
 And carve in their large Bodies where they please,  
 The Arms of the United Provinces.

Vainly did this self-Denying Army hope,  
 With lobster and Valour ere to cope;  
 Not though they prize their hair-shirted Mornings,  
 With Powder, and with Pipes of Brandy laughs;  
 Yet summer, rays, and of all the Days,  
 The Day has made their Sea-sick Courage pale;  
 Like the three Comets, sent down to Heaven  
 With fiery Hails to bring the ingrateful Crown.

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